Volume LXII CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 26, 1908 Number 13

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE NOBLE NATURE

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sear:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ben Jonson.

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

A "NEW THOUGHT" BOOK

By BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS

Health and Happiness

OR, RELIGIOUS THERAPEUTICS AND RIGHT LIVING

BISHOP FALLOWS is well known in connection with the establishment of the movement now being carried on at St. Paul's Church, Chicago, where wonderful results have already been accomplished through prayer and faith, on a basis of practice largely original with himself, and yet in harmony with the new movement, to unite religion and medicine. The book carries a message for all who are sick or suffering or discouraged, or would help others in affliction.

CONTENTS The Science and Practice of Prayer; Faith a Dynamite Force; The Presence and Power of God; The Power of Love; Self Control; Doubt; Physician and Clergyman; The Clergyman's Opportunity; Consciousness and Subconsciousness; Suggestion; Auto-Suggestion; Unused Powers; The Mission of Pain; Therapeutic Training of the Emotions; Overcoming Worry; Fear and its Antidote; The Conquest of Anger; Cheerfulness a Tonic; Watchwords of Right Living; A Litany of Health; Scripture Words; Scripture Prayers.

"THE AUTHOR never fails to make himself understood or to make the impression as to the unselfishness and nobility of his motive. He has written the book for the same reason that he has, in connection with his pastoral ministry, taken up the work. He believes in the "pragmatism" of the religious therapeutics. It is not a hobby with him, but he has undertaken it from "what seems to him a clear sense of duty."

He believes in the naturalness and rationality of the power of the mind over the body in the matter of health and of healing. But, more than that, he believes also in the naturalness and rationality of the power of God and the efficacy of prayer. There is no special originality in the things done or in the views here presented. Abundant use is made of the views of others who have a right to speak with some authority, and especially of those who have done things. Probably nobody will read the book straight through, but hardly anyone can read it without being the better for it. There is no pretence of curing organic disease; only functional disorders. There is not the least disparagement of the science and skill of the trained physician. In each case the patient is asked to come with the diagnosis of some skilled physician. There is still a mystery, but there is no magic about it. The mind does have power over the body; and, moreover, prayer does bring results."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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A. C. McCLURG & CO., Publishers

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXII THURSDAY NOVEMBER 26, 1908 NUMBER 13

FOUR THINGS.

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Señora de Costa, of Buenos Ayres, the devoted apostle of peace, to whose earnest effort was due the erection of the impressive "Christ of the Andes," the great peace statue on the high pass between Chile and Argentina, writes to a friend in Boston of the deep concern felt by the workers for international progress in South America over the sudden outburst there of the passion for big navies. Speaking for her own Argentina she says, "There is absolutely no need of it"; and she adds sadly and reproachfully: "It is a shame that this great United States should have sent that flotilla around the world to stir up the military spirit." This is something that the Congress and people of the United States must ponder upon when they are asked, as they surely will be, to make more costly, unnecessary and mischievous additions to the present spectacular and un-American navy.

Dr. Hirsch has recently been saying some exceedingly sane and sound things in his pulpit anent the intermarriage of Jew and Gentile. On two successive Sundays he has exposed the passing fallacy of "Pure Blood" on any line of descent. This conceit of race, sect or aristocracy of family is exploded by the simple application of the most obvious science; it is a simple sum in arithmetic. Dr. Hirsch has also recognized the equally obvious fact that the Jew, like the Presbyterian, the Quaker or the Unitarian, may often find himself in closer affiliations of spirit or attitude of mind with one across the line than with one within his own fold, the most obvious element of which is the *fence* that shuts together many who differ and shuts out many who agree. Another position of our neighbor is equally obvious—that the distance between the orthodox and the liberal Jew is immeasurably greater than the difference between the liberal Jew and the progressive non-Jew—such as the Unitarians, Universalists, Quakers, and many others who elude labels. Saying this we are free to urge the other contention of Dr. Hirsch, viz: Nowhere should the law of selection, affiliation and congeniality be more ruthlessly applied than at the altar. Religious incompatibility should be a permanent bar to marriage, whether found inside or outside of the imaginary boundaries of race, creed or social position.

The Congress of Religion

In another column is printed the belated report of the secretary and treasurer of the Congress of Religion for the year ending June 1, 1908. Mr. Osborne's explanation sufficiently accounts for the delay.

The congress has never aimed to be more than a voice. Failing that, it has been content to be an ideal, an influence, the potency of which is not measured by any "things done" or the amount of money raised. The vitality of the congress is most obvious to those who are compelled to refuse the invitation to action and to neglect the opportunities for expression. The field of religious activities is so crowded with organizations, the existence of the "nearer," "denominational" claims are so exacting upon churches and pastors that few of them have the courage to even suggest the assumption of other obligations, or even the pleasure of wider affiliations, and so the "treasures" necessarily go where only a fraction of the "heart" is.

Mr. Osborne's work, during his short term as secretary of the congress, has abundantly demonstrated how much good work there is awaiting such a functionary whenever it is possible for the believers in co-operation across lines, the devotees of the larger fellowship, to put a small fraction of their "treasure" where the "heart" already is. The organization of "The United Religious Press" and the successful housing of the same, with an up-to-date, fully equipped printing outfit, including the latest things in the way of linotypes, power presses, etc., in a part of the city removed from the noise, crush and expensiveness of the downtown region, is itself a notable triumph of the congress idea. Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Baptist and Disciple weeklies, and, in a few days, UNITY, the organ of the Congress, will be set up by the same machines, reeled off the same presses, carried to the postoffice by the same wagons, and the editorial desks of the same, with the exception of UNITY, will be protected by the same roof, heated and lighted by the same plant, and the UNITY desk will be only one short block away.

The Congress of Religion cannot be suspected of idleness while its organ persists in disturbing the peace that is based on an armed neutrality among the religious movements of the day, and is urging the peace based on appreciation of one another and co-operation in the interest of the things about which they are agreed.

On the inception of the Congress fourteen years ago

and more, UNITY abandoned all other possible alliances and gave itself, "for better or for worse, until death do us part," to the cause of the Congress. For this cause it still stands and in its interest does it labor.

The financial exhibit, printed elsewhere, witnesses not to the weakness of the cause, but to the preoccupation of its officials. The president, Dr. Thomas, on account of waning strength, is compelled to bide away at his southern home. The exacting claims of the Sinai Congregation and the Abraham Lincoln Centre upon its resident vice-presidents have left them little margin of time or strength to devote to the interests of the Congress, except such devotion and service as come in the line of the work that absorbs their entire energy. But the small arrearage still due the devoted secretary, who has been a tireless worker on many lines not to be listed, will, we are confident, be readily met when the exhibit and this appeal reach its friends.

Meanwhile UNITY and the "Old Guard" in Chicago, and now Mr. Osborne at the center of the United Religious Press, are holding the fort, ready for such new work, such higher combination and co-operation as are clearly coming. We appeal confidently to old friends for a continuation of their support, and as confidently to the new friends whose reinforcements will come as promptly as we are able to discover them.

Not only the distressing multiplicity of religious organizations, so called, but the hopeful perplexity of new issues, growing sympathies, and the disturbing unrest incident to progress, make the problem of the Congress of Religion at once distressing and inspiring. It is hard to keep it alive, particularly in the estimation of the faithless, but it is much harder to kill it. The congress stands for an idea that cannot die; it represents the growing cause of the twentieth century.

Friends, let us keep the banner flying!

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
Chairman Executive Committee.

Abraham Lincoln Centre,
Nov. 23, 1908.

More Books

CONTRIBUTIONS TO STATECRAFT.

"The higher politics" may aptly describe a splendid group of books lying before us, which it is a pleasure to commend to the readers of UNITY. They represent the kind of books of pressing value to the preacher of today. Digging in these mines, the gold is to be found that, properly minted, will yield the coin of civic nobility, social responsibility, and the sense of peace that comes to those who are alive to great issues and are working to noble ends.

Professor Schouler, the author of perhaps the best critical history of the United States, a learned teacher in history, has given us what might well be called "The summing up of the whole matter" in a noble and notable volume on "The Ideals of the Republic" (Little, Brown & Co.), in which volume he traces the fundamental ideas, social and political, to which America owes peculiarly her progress and prosperity, and contrasts the application of these problems to present conditions. Through successive chapters on "The Rights of Human Nature," "Types of Equality," "Civil and Political Rights," "Government by Consent," "Written Constitutions," he leads up to the personal responsibilities and obligations of the individual, which center in the last three chapters on "Parties and Party Spirit," "Servants of the Public," and "The Strife to Surpass," in which he traces the painful growth out of the parties that stood for ideas and great issues into the parties that stand on their records and battle for the spoils. He says:

"We are reaching a point where policies seem to crystallize about certain personages, and when we arrive there it is time that, like Clay and Jackson in a former era, leaders among us who stand for definite and contrasting ideas should rally and combine the voters to meet living issues."

It would be interesting to a careful reader to follow Professor Schouler's book with a reading of H. Perry Robinson's "The Twentieth Century American" (Putnam). Here one is able to look at the people of the United States and their problems through the eyes of an Englishman who had twenty years' experience in the United States. While the two books by no means duplicate one another, they run into the same problems and perplexities. Mr. Robinson, in a less scholastic, perhaps lighter vein, deals in abundant illustrations and many anecdotes. Among the topics discussed are "An Anglo-American Alliance," "The American Attitude Towards Women," "A Comparison in Culture," "Politics and Politicians," "Some Questions of the Moment," in which a new conception of the president's office, reached through President Roosevelt, is discussed.

Mr. Robinson's book establishes interesting contrasts between the English and the Americans. Albert Gehring, in his "Racial Contrasts" (Putnam), carries the race studies deeper and wider and seeks for the "distinguishing traits of the Græco-Latins and Teutons," applying the principles of evolution not only to form and language, but to music, literature and painting.

In "The School Master," by Arthur Christopher Benson (Putnam), we have a contribution to pedagogy from another Englishman, an Eton boy and teacher, a Cambridge graduate. It is a "commentary on the aims and methods of an assistant master in a public school," which "public school" carries with it a somewhat different connotation in England from what it does in the United States. Professor Benson, now of Magdalen College, Cambridge, discusses the questions of deeper discipline, holidays, the boarding house, religion and devotion, from the standpoint of one who has had large experience, which experience is made

available to many teachers in any country and of any nation. The sanity of the book comes out strikingly in the article on "Athletics," in which he urges that "education may not be wholly at the mercy of prevalent tendencies." He sees clearly "certain dangers in the tendency of today." It is bad for a boy to seek eminence through athletics, and the almost adoration which he receives is fraught with great dangers. We take pleasure in commending this book to teachers.

We envy the old veteran who has come to sufficient leisure to read deliberately William F. Draper's "Recollection of a Varied Career" (Little, Brown & Co.), which career led him through the war, rising from the ranks of a Massachusetts regiment to a brigadier-generalship. But this book contains more than these very fascinating reminiscences of the tented field. His experience reaches through a term in Congress, and an active career as a manufacturer and an employer of men. The only depressing thing about this beautifully made book is its length, but it is of a kind to make him who reads sorry there is not more of it.

Another rich book of reminiscences is "The Story of a Border City During the Civil War" (Little, Brown & Co.), by the venerable Galusha Anderson, now of the Baptist Union Theological Seminary of Newton Centre, Mass. Dr. Anderson was pastor of a Baptist church in St. Louis during the eight years that covered the tempestuous war period, and he has gathered in this book recollections of these strenuous days—of one who had eyes to see through the marchings and the raidings, the workings of the great problems, the movements of ideas, and the travail of the spirit. This book invites the reading of the life of William G. Eliot, the strenuous pastor of the Unitarian church of St. Louis during the same years, to whom his Baptist neighbor pays a well-earned tribute and gives in full the tender prayer of Dr. Eliot at the convention which, on January 6, 1865, declared that slavery was abolished forever from the state of Missouri.

"A Happy Half Century" is the title of a small book of essays by Agnes Repplier (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The essays reach through a wide range of topics, all of which are treated in the vivacious style of which this French-American, Roman Catholic republican and radical, is capable. Among the titles are "The Novelist," "The Pietist," "The Perils of Immortality," and "The Literary Lady." In this last essay she introduces us to the coy forerunners of the new woman, among whom who Mrs. Trimmer (abhorred by Lamb), who wrote "The Servant's Friend," "Help to the Unlearned," and "The Charity School Spelling Book." "Mrs. Trimmer's attitude to the public was marked by that refined diffidence which was considered becoming in a female." Her biographer assures us that she never coveted literary distinction, although "her name was celebrated wherever Christianity was established and the English language spoken. Royalty took her by the hand and bishops expressed their overwhelming sense of obligation." Miss Repplier sighs over the "many ladies who became famous against their wills one hundred and fifty years ago." These same shy women have given to the present some very self-reliant, aggressive and useful women, as the office of UNITY has reason to know.

"A Volume of Literary Reviews and Criticisms" (Putnam), by Professor Hall Frye, contains thirteen titles, running through a wide range, reaching from Balzac to "Emerson and the modern reports." The significance in the last title is somewhat ambiguous. In this last essay he recognizes a tendency which we feel too true when he deals in what he calls "the lapsed branches of history and literature" in college studies. Of the value of these essays those more competent than ourselves must decide. It seems rather late in the day, though, to be worrying about Emerson's "form." Inasmuch as it cannot be changed, it might as well be accepted, that no time be lost in working the richest literary mine in American literature.

Much is being said about the dangers of socialism, and its menace to religion. This alarm reached a frantic screech in the recent imposing conclave of the Roman Catholic church held in Chicago. The little book on "The Spiritual Significance of Modern Socialism" (B. W. Huebsch), by John Spargo, is most timely. No man is more competent to speak for socialism than is Mr. Spargo. Whatever crudities and impossibilities may enter into the programs of socialist parties and lecturers, it will still remain true that the inspiration of socialism is the corporate consciousness rising into a passion for co-operation. Labels are dangerous and deceptive here as elsewhere, but the Man of Nazareth was a prophet of brotherhood, which is still the higher battle cry of those who seek a benignant togetherness in this world of opportunities and possibilities. Let socialism be criticised, if you will, but let it be by those who have first understood it. Spend fifty cents on this book of John Spargo's before you throw yourself or your neighbor into hysterics over the awful bugaboo called "Socialism."

Extracts

At the right time and place boys are only too ready to listen to religious talk and to be grateful for it. I have never found boys anything but interested in a religious application to practical life made in the course of a divinity lesson. But all attempt to touch on religious subjects in private life should be made with infinite tact and judgment.

The preparation for confirmation is the one great opportunity that a schoolmaster has for talking of religious matters to his boys; and I believe it to be not only a right principle that a boy's housemaster or tutor should have the opportunity of preparing a boy, but that it is a duty which no housemaster or tutor should avoid except for gravest reasons. Of course if a man feels that his faith is so far divergent from the orthodox faith of the Gospel as to make it impossible for him to speak with any conviction on sacred subjects, he can hardly conscientiously accept the task of instructing a boy.—*From Benson's "The Schoolmaster."*

I do not mean to disparage party spirit in a Republic, but what I contend for is the just subordination of all party spirit to love of country; and besides, that each party organization should adapt itself to circumstances and to the issues normally uppermost. In a nation like ours "Republican" is a good party watchword, and so is "Democrat," but the name, the symbol of any party, should consist with adherence to definite and consistent aims. We rightfully organize a party, not for the sake of organization, but to promote some immediate measure or policy which we believe sound and salutary. A party which has no inherent principle left but that of the loaves and fishes has no good reason to exist; and men bound together merely for the spoils of victory, who are divided among themselves in political conviction or are without political conviction at all, framing their plausible platforms with gilded phrases to catch unwary voters, are among the meanest of hypocrites, for their hypocrisy pretends to patriotism. "Measures, not men," may be a captivating cry. But men we should elect who stand for measures; who are devoted to the purposes and policy we desire and whose lives exemplify a sincere and honorable leadership. It is "MEN AND MEASURES," "men with measures," that give to politics a vigorous vitality under free government.—*From Schouler's "Ideals of the Republic."*

The United States is still booming, but with wealth, established institutions, and invested capital, have come comparative soberness and a sense of responsibility. The spirit which governs American industrial life today is quite other than that which ruled it two or three decades ago. The United States has sown its wild oats. It was a generous sowing, certainly, for the land was wide and the soil rich. But that harvest has been all but garnered and the country is now for the most part given over to more legitimate crops.—*From Robinson's "Twentieth Century American."*

We have already remarked that the Graeco-Latins are inclined to be worldly, while the Teutons exhibit a religious bias. The Greeks were children of the moment. They believed in an after-life, to be sure, but the belief made little impression on their conduct. The occurrences of the day, their mundane fortunes, exhausted their thoughts and left but little room for hopes or fears regarding an unseen existence. The Latin races resemble the Greeks when contrasted with the nations from the north. It was among the latter that the great religious struggles of the Reformation originated. Wycliffe, Luther, and Zwingli were Teutons. Mysticism also finds its home in the north, the Latins inclining toward rationalism. A pronounced religious and ethical tone characterises Germanic literature: Milton, Schiller and Wordsworth bear witness, and in Puritan New England it forms the keynote, stamping the writings of Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Hawthorne, and most of their numerous followers.—*From Albert Gehring's "Racial Contrasts."*

Another incident of the kind that my mother told me may be interesting. When we moved to Hopedale, among our household goods were some old-fashioned stuffed parlor chairs, covered with horsehair, such as were in most New England parlors half a century ago. A short time after our arrival my mother received a call from a committee, who lectured her for having such extravagant furniture, when there were so many poor people in the world. Wooden bottomed chairs were pronounced good enough, and I agree they were more comfortable than the kind criticised. My mother replied that the extravagance of buying them was committed before coming to Hopedale, and the occasion passed with a warning to do so no more. A few years later, after the financial change in the organization, my mother, calling upon one of the former committee, found some modern upholstered chairs and asked "why such extravagant furniture was in use when there were so many poor people in the world." The reply was, "Mrs. Draper, I have changed my mind." It may be fair to say that the party's circumstances had also changed.—*From Draper's "Recollections of a Varied Career."*

Though the Confederacy for which the secessionists of our city had worked and prayed was irretrievably lost, they had at least come to respect Mr. Lincoln, not only for his unswerving fidelity to what he believed to be the right, but also for his broad charity, and not a few of them, while still differing from him politically, admired him as a man. They recognized in him a great and generous friend of the South, and so joined with us, on that day of tears, in eulogizing the martyr and denouncing his assassin. The same lips that four years before had scornfully called him clown, the Illinois ape, baboon and gorilla, now praised him. He had not only subdued the rebellion by force of arms, but also by his clearness of conception, fairness in administration, unflinching advocacy of the rights of all, patience and persistence in duty, and large-heartedness, had conquered their inveterate prejudices. —*From Galusha Anderson's "A Border City During the Civil War."*

Miss Hannah More's dazzling renown rested on the same solid support. She was so strong morally that to have cavilled at her intellectual feebleness would have been deemed profane. Her advice (she spent the best part of eighty years in offering it) was so estimable that its general inadequacy was never ascertained. Rich people begged her to advise the poor. Great people begged her to advise the humble. Satisfied people begged her to advise the discontented. Sir William Pepys wrote to her in 1792, imploring her to avert from England the threatened dangers of radicalism and a division of land by writing a dialogue "between two persons of the lowest order," in which should be set forth the discomforts of land ownership, and the advantages of laboring for small wages at trades. This simple and childlike scheme would, in Sir William's opinion, go far towards making English workmen contented with their lot, and might eventually save the country from the terrible bloodshed of France. Was ever higher tribute paid to sustained and triumphant propriety?—*From Agnes Repplier's "A Happy Half-Century."*

The Hindus have a beautiful apologue of life, under the image of a dancing girl, who comes out and exercises her art for a while before the king. And for a while he watches her with pleasure, till she finally retires, and he remains sitting alone as before, satisfied with his own thoughts, and without regret now that the performance is over and he is left by himself again. For after all, the spectacle is but for a little, and is at best an illusion only. Sooner or later our material interests, our business and our money-getting, our little transactions of one kind or another, even our fads and hobbies—all these things which serve to occupy us for the moment, will fall away and leave us to ourselves without other assistance or support than that which we have within ourselves. And so I say, an education which does not furnish us with provision against that day, which does not provide us with comfort and sustainment against the inevitable collapse of life—such an education is a failure.—*From Frye's "Literary Reviews and Criticisms."*

I have never known a Socialist, no matter how narrow and sordid his verbal interpretation might be, whose Socialism was, in its last and deepest analysis, anything less than a profound faith in the Brotherhood of Man. And I make the claim with confidence that, not only is a spiritual interpretation of Socialism possible, but it is also essential to a proper understanding of it. The Spirit of Socialism cries out:

I am Religion, and the Church I build
Stands on the sacred flesh with passion packed;
In me the ancient gospels are fulfilled—
In me the symbol rises into Fact.

—*From Spargo's "Spiritual Significance of Modern Socialism."*

Reviews

THE SEEMING UNREALITY OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE, by Henry Churchill King. (The Macmillan Co., 1908.)

The book is timely. In this, as in previous works, President King brings science and philosophy to minister to life. The volume "aims to face, as straightforwardly as may be, the problem implied in its title . . . . believing that problem to be fundamental to both thought and life." One who has read President King's previous books will recognize in this the recurrence of some material, but the line of argument is independent.

The thirty-six chapters are short, pithy statements —suggestive rather than exhaustive. Part I. is a penetrating analysis of the causes of the seeming unreality of the spiritual life. These are found: (1) in fundamental misconceptions of the spiritual, which is not apart from other life, nor a life of "strain," of "imitation," of "magical inheritance," or of external rules; (2) in failure to fulfill the conditions of the spirtual life—a deepening personal relation; (3) in the inevitable fluctuations and limitations of our own nature—making reliable only "the witness of our best hours"; (4) in a purposed seeming unreality—making for character. In Part II. the author indicates the way into the reality of the spiritual life. Presumptive evidence of such life is found in the trend of thought —historical, scientific, philosophical, ethical, social, and psychological; in "man's essential need of religion," and in the truth that the idea of God conditions

—"the need of the modern man is met only in Christ." "For the fully modern man the way to communion with God must be ethical, Christian, social, biblical, practical, and in all these points alike, rational." The last two chapters urge that the statement of belief in a doctrine must follow, rather than precede, experience, with a very suggestive application of this principle to the doctrine of immortality. The book helps to clear up the confusion resulting from the present demand that the truths of the spiritual life be demonstrable. It will thus be welcomed not only by the theologian, but by every man who cherishes spiritual ideals.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF INSPIRATION (Funk & Wagnalls Co.), by George L. Raymond.

The author, who is professor in George Washington University, says: "The book is the outgrowth of an endeavor to find a way in which all that is essential in the methods and results of scientific and historic research can be accepted, while at the same time nothing that is essential to the theory and practice of religion need be rejected." The importance of this task for religion and for social well-being will not be questioned by the modern mind. Mr. Raymond accepts inspiration of the Scripture as a fact, and then attempts to define and explain it by appeal to data from the working subconscious mind, concluding that the sacred writings are "suggestive" rather than ultimate statements of truth; and, finally, in what is the most interesting and suggestive part of the book, shows the bearing of this conclusion upon Christian dogmatism; the work and worship of the church; Christian conscience and conduct, and upon Christian faith. The reader who follows the argument from hallucination, mind-reading and hypnotism to "an influence in inspiration not traceable to the conscious sphere of the mind," will likely feel the danger of appealing to phenomena so little understood as that in the whole field of spiritism. Moreover, why hold to this "influence not traceable to the conscious sphere of the mind?" It would seem more consistent with "the method and results of modern research" to abandon the attempt, and place the biblical scriptures upon the basis of their immediate value for life. Is it not simply to explain this value that the historical doctrine of inspiration arose? It would seem no more necessary to explain the inspiration of Isaiah or of Paul than of Shakespeare or of Browning, except that around one a doctrine of inspiration has grown up in the church. H. F. B.

THE PULPIT

The Citizen

A THANKSGIVING SERMON: PREACHED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 22, 1908.

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other, or else he will hold to one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. —*Matthew VI: 24.*

Political economy can furnish sound laws of national life and work only when it respects the dignity and moral destiny of man. —*John Ruskin.*

No feature of Thanksgiving Day is more curious, suggestive, and hopeful than the way the home and the church reach officially out, into and around the state. This is the one day in the year when our democratic state ventures to suggest a churchly function and, as if to return the compliment, there is a long established and well recognized New England tradition that the church, on Thanksgiving Day at least, may, indeed should, face frankly the problems and complexities of the state. At other times, the free churches of America have been as wary of carrying politics into the pulpit as the state has been vigilant against any encroachment of the church upon its domain. This exchange of courtesies, this overlapping of interests, is firmly based on psychology and morality. This great home festival is touched with a profound consciousness that the state is the larger home; that the well-being of the fireside is intimately related to the well-being of the community; the wealth of the family is secure and potent only when it is a part of that more profitable wealth which is aptly called the "*common* wealth."

So let us look at the wider duties and the higher privileges of the home-maker in his capacity of a citizen, a member of the commonwealth, a ruler in the democratic state.

Three hundred and fifty years before the coming of the Nazarene, Plato, the master mind of Greece, and, as Emerson calls him, "the teacher of teachers," throughout the intervening ages, outlined in his "Republic" a dream commonwealth, the purpose of which was to establish justice on the earth; the rule of which was to be in the hands of an aristocracy of character; into which peerage easy access was to be ever possible to the worthy from the strata below, and out of which there was to be prompt egress on the part of the degenerate sons of fortune. Education was to be the corner-stone of this republic, and music, which to him meant the science of harmony, the law of rhythm, the art of proportion in all its applications, was to be the key note of the education that would fit for this citizenship.

Some seven hundred and seventy years afterwards Augustine, the Christian Bishop of Hippo in Africa, laid hold of Plato's dream and adapted it to his Christian faith. He constructed his "*Civitate Dei*" (City of God). This was to be a city for man, not built on self-seeking, but on the love of God. This city was to endure. It was to be nothing less than the celestial city on earth, for that city alone can meet the needs of man which satisfies the laws of God.

"There we shall rest and see; we shall see and love. We shall love and we shall praise. Behold what shall be in the end without end! For what other thing is our end, but to come to that kingdom to which there is no end!"

For nearly a thousand years after Augustine no other contribution to literature, as such, has survived the wreck of time. In 1314 the youthful Dante had another "Dream"—that of a new Roman empire. In his "*De Monarchia*" he called for a strong hand which would rule with benignity; he conceived of a righteous empire that would organize a state along the lines of equity, purity and disinterested devotion.

Another two hundred years, to 1516, and Sir Thomas More, of whom Erasmus said "He was more pure and white than the whitest snow," created another Dream Republic, situated in Utopia, the land of Nowhere. In this land the quest was not "How, by right or wrong, its dominions might be enlarged, but how well and peaceably they might rule that which was already theirs." Unfortunately, a recent cold caused the dreamer to cough at the critical moment, when Raphael Hythloday, the mythical Portuguese traveler, who had sailed with Americus Vespucius, was about to tell where Utopia lay, and he vanished, carrying his secret with him.

Two hundred and seventy-five years later William Morris caught another glimpse of the land of dream and brought fresh "News from Nowhere." In this

book, the great English artist-politician, poet-reformer, has a chapter on politics; it is the shortest chapter in the book—almost as short as the famous chapter on Snakes in Ireland. It runs thus:

"I will answer your question briefly by saying that we are very well off as to politics; we have none. If ever you make a book out of this conversation, put this in a chapter by itself."

But in this No Man's Land of William Morris beauty was a daily quest and art waited on toil, converting drudgery into joy, work-time into play-time. Here the simplicities of culture supplanted the vulgar greed of wealth so that there was time to cultivate the arts and refinement to appreciate them.

Now any ward politician can drive his cart through the logic of either one of these five dreamers in the realm of statecraft—Plato, Augustine, Dante, Sir Thomas More, and William Morris. Any Chicago alderman, past, present or prospective, can show how impractical these men were, how impossible their schemes and how absurd their propositions. They can show what a fool Plato was, and are prepared at any moment to vote down any proposition looking towards the realization of his dream. And still these men endure while aldermen rapidly pass into oblivion. These men have outlasted the granite walls and marble columns upon which a grateful humanity has carved their names. Their words are vital today; their sentences, to borrow a phrase from Emerson, "are vascular; cut them anywhere they will bleed." Nay, more, these impossible dreams are being more and more realized, century by century, age by age. And where they fail they fail from the imperfection and not the perfection of the idea. Only the blemishes, and not the beauty in their dreams, are permanently defeated.

Jowett closes a noble introduction to his great translation of Plato's "Republic" with these words:

"Human life and conduct are affected by ideals in the same way that they are affected by the examples of eminent men. Neither the one nor the other are immediately applicable to practice, but there is a virtue flowing from them which tends to raise individuals above the common routine of society or trade, and to elevate states above the mere interests of commerce or the necessities of self-defence."

Before we leave these dreamers there is another striking fact connected with them all which demands notice.

Plato dared to dream when Greek civilization was going to wreck about his feet. Augustine's book was written in defiance of the "logic of events," as they were being interpreted by the awful catastrophe of his day. The great Roman Empire was collapsing like an exploded balloon before his eyes; the city of Rome was pillaged and desecrated by conquering hordes of barbarians, and the moral and spiritual wreck of the "Eternal City" was as manifest as the physical. The situation in Italy in the time of Dante was as depressing, the plight of the England of Sir Thomas More was as deplorable, and the distractions of modern life were met by the cheerful prophecies and far-reaching hopefulness of William Morris.

I have spoken of these men as contributing to statecraft. They were city builders—citizens, not partisans; statesmen, not politicians in the degenerate sense of that word, which has been perverted to mean policy seekers.

To make clear this distinction may give us the Thanksgiving Day sermon for which we are in search.

Secretary Shaw said some years ago in a Boston address that the difference between the politician and the statesman was that one was looking for a "situation" while the other was looking for work.

Said Lowell:

Swiftly the politic goes: is it dark?—he borrows a lantern:
Slowly the statesman and sure, guiding his steps by the stars.

The politician is a hustler; the statesman is a student. Politics to the one is a trade; to the other it is a science and an art. The politician is self-centered; he asks, "What is there in it for me?" He has the next election ever in his mind; the statesman forgets himself in his concern for the nation, the interests of which he ever seeks to serve and to save. The politician has a party; the statesman has a nation; the politician is a "mixer"; he seeks the crowd; he "pulls wires"; he "lays pipes"; he "handles ropes"; he goes in with the "Bhoys"—calls them all by their first names and, if possible, by their nicknames. To him all Thomases are "Toms," all Jameses "Jims," all Johns "Jacks." He bargains for votes—button-holes, promises, takes care of his friends, heads the procession but never leads, while the statesman seeks seclusion, courts the wise, counsels with the prophets, respects the individual man more than the crowd, walks and talks with men, and treats them as such. He himself being a gentleman makes others feel gentlemanly in his presence. He prefers defeat to the sacrifice of principle; is not afraid of minorities; is distrustful of majorities. He works on long lines; is content with slow gains; he is anxious to profit by the experience of the past, but labors ever to enlarge the same.

The statesman is the citizen, the friend of the city, the hope of the city. The opposite, the expediency man, the policy-hunter, the politician, is the enemy of the city, the foe of good government, the menace of the state, however reputable his standing, elegant his surroundings or generous his patronage. His spell-binding phrases may be cheered, men may dance to his fiddling, march to his command, vote at his bidding, but his career is a short one, his power is limited and his influence is a blight.

But this man has a real power, as every election return shows, and it is an interesting contribution to statesmanship, a guide and a revelation to the citizen to analyze the source of his power, the power that sways good men, that enables him to outvote his better neighbors and to perpetuate the rule of the incompetent, compelling the pitiable situation manifest in this city today, manifest in every city in America, of second-rate men being put into office by first-rate men, superior voters casting their ballots for inferior officers.

The power of this low leadership is traced to one of three, perhaps all three, all powerful and all dangerous pre-election arguments, viz.:

1. Because this fellow is better than the other man anyhow;

2. Because he stands for the right principle though it may be in the wrong way and for the wrong motive;

3. Because these things are inevitable in politics; there is no other way out of it; "they all do it, and you're another."

And so the voter who, in his study, communes with the statesman, treasures their utterances, puts their books on his shelves, their portraits on his walls, teaches his babes to lisp their names, and leads his little ones reverently to do homage at their tombs,

on election day stultifies the spirit, silences the voice of God in the heart, in order that, with the ballot, he may play practical politics.

After election this good citizen will again ally himself with the statesmen and stand with the dreamers in praying for the day when the wise and the disinterested will triumph at the polls and the masses will rejoice and profit by their leadership.

Our study is timely. If there is a judicial moment in the life of the American voter, if there is ever a time when the decent citizen is able to look at the problems of the city and the state with non-partisan poise, it is during the few brief days following an election, before the next agitation is on and new complexities are forced upon him, particularly if he be on the winning side.

It is not in the plan of this discourse to venture upon the dangerous task of trying to estimate the ethical value of the last election or to analyze the movements that led thereto. But, in the face of all encouragements—and they are many—we in Chicago stand convicted of being represented in the great legislative halls of the nation in many cases by *mis*representatives of the higher ideals and the nobler standards of our citizens. We have contributed one more notable paradox of the best citizens combining for the election of distrusted misrepresentatives for fear something worse might happen. Here is the case of a man in Chicago, obviously nominated by the baser, coarser, law-defying elements of our city, a beneficiary of proved primary frauds, an antagonist of a law-enforcing representative of the better conscience of the city, being swept into office with a triumphant majority by the vote of the better people, the law-abiding and law-enforcing elements, justifying the self-stultification by the hopeless wail, the helpless apology found in the vote-producing refrain, "A vote for Street is a vote for Kern, and, of course, anything is better than that."

Sanity at the polls, the progress of the city, and the safety of the nation cannot be reached until the ballot box becomes a shrine upon which the voter lays his whole soul, guided alone by the light of the stars, undistracted by the glimmering light of the politician's lantern. Back of all the hot questions in city, state and national politics lies the more fundamental question, how to de-partisanize the judgments and the consciences of the voters of the United States; how to break the malign rule of the *"Bhoys"* in politics; how to usher in the regime of MEN, dethrone the *"boss"* and install the *leader;* how to suppress the spellbinder, the hustler, the counter of noses, that the teacher, the philosopher and the prophet may assume their rightful place in the high art and noble science of city-building.

Our problem is not hopeless. The only hopeless element in it is the spiritless good men who, without hope and consequently without energy, accept the situation from election day to election day. The bad men will have the same right, of course, as the good men of backing those of their own ilk. But when the good men exercise this prerogative, when they take their consciences into the voting booth and of two evils will choose neither, but vote for what they deem to be the ideal right and the ideal cause, thereby voting in the mighty majority in which each man counts only himself and God, our greatest danger will be met and overcome, for there are always losers.

I recognize the social and economic value of parties. No sane man can deny the legitimacy of such combinations and enthusiasms in the interest of great principles or wise policies. But parties, in the state as well as in the church, must exist only for principles, and when they cease to represent real issues and become the mask for small personalities, the strategic grounds of the selfish and the bloodless ghosts of dead issues, they must be defied and relegated to the limbo of the museums where fossils and other evidences of extinct life are preserved.

The citizen today is confronted with mighty problems, the solution of which calls for profound study and an undivided front on the part of the excellent and the intelligent.

It is wholesome to list these questions; the recognizing of their existence goes a great way towards their solution.

Many indications go to show that the voters, north and south, are tired of the race question, but eternal justice is not tired until her plain demands and obvious judgments are enforced. The Supreme court of the United States, yielding to the bane of the judiciary to render half decisions where full ones make trouble, harking back to the blinding prejudices that made the name of Roger B. Taney infamous, have decided that Kentucky has a right to try to make a line permanent which nature, the Emancipation Proclamation and the ever-increasing emphasis of the genius of progress have made as fluid and yielding as flowing water. And Berea College, noble witness to the heroic friends of freedom who, before the war, and south of the Ohio river, wrought for the justice that knows no color line, instead of accepting the decision of state legislature and Supreme court by saying: "Very well, if we may not minister to the culture of black and white we will stand by our first commitment, our more helpless wards, those who still most need our service, those for whom our fathers bled and died. We will keep our doors open to the colored man, letting the unspeakable loss to the white race, which is thus excluded, rest at the door of the legislature of Kentucky and the Supreme court of the United States,"—this college is smitten with the timidity of prosperity; is yielding to the logic of the expedient; is shutting the door in the face of the black man and accepting the easier road of the white man's dictation, bargaining thereby for future imbecility, coming disgrace and ultimate oblivion.

Had the trustees wavered in the face of the dire perplexity in the past, they ought now to see their way clearly after the way clearly after the Pippa-Song of Chief Justice

Shades of Fee, Cassius M. Clay and your brave collaborators, you that built your log schoolhouses in the wilderness, your college, whose doors were never to be closed against a black man, is now busy raising a petty "adjustment fund"—specious name for a cowardly thing—with which to build a "Jim Crow" attachment for Berea College for colored people. How have the mighty fallen! Must the defenders of the lowly, the champions of the downtrodden, the despised friends of a wronged race sing sadly the "Song of the Lost Leader" over Berea College, whose bright star has begun to descend into the darkness of the commonplace and the reactionary?

> "We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;
> Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
> Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
> Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire;
> Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
> One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
> One more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels,

One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins, let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part,—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!"

The color question is still one of the fundamental questions which the citizen must face, and largely without the help and guidance of either party. Militarism, imperialism, trusts, taxation, free trade, equal suffrage to men and women, are all mighty questions still to be solved, and to be solved without the help, aye, in spite of the guidance and education of any party in politics or any particular sect in religion. Thank Heaven, they are all questions so big that they overleap the party and sect lines and are enlisting the conscience and the judgment in many camps.

Let the citizen, then, in this Thanksgiving week, cherish anew the right of honorable protest, put himself in a position where his ballot can reinforce his conviction and his practice on highest lines. He may not be able to break the thrall of convention, prevent the extravagances and absurdities of fashion, or save his neighbor from inebriety, but he can square his vote with his practice and stand against the extravagances, the profanities, the dissipations that eddy about him. He can vote in the interest of the *"Civitate Dei,"* the City of God. The idealist must dictate his action according to conscience in the voting booth as in the church, on election day as on Sunday, if he is to qualify as an elector in this much-enduring city.

In the Fine Arts exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition a picture in the Russian room attracted great and deserved attention. It was entitled "The Artist's Dream." In the foreground the artist, an everyday kind of young man in a cut-away business coat, has fallen asleep with palette in hand and paint tubes around him. In the generous spaces of a large canvas there appears above and back of him, in dim outline, a dream artist working in splendid abandon on the faces of brave men and noble women that were breaking through the clouds about him. Over and above was a mighty angel bearing the lighted torch of—was it Truth, Love, Civilization, or what?—call it what you please—it was that which was driving back the hosts of darkness. The minions of hatred, war and greed were retreating before it, and across the sky, in shadowy outlines, were traced the words: *"Omnium Pax"*—Universal Peace.

This was the dream of the artist. But down below, behind and around his table, were the full-fleshed, passion-charged temptations of the near, which we falsely call the real life. There was a maiden coquettishly tickling his nose with a feather; a would-be practical, prosperous business man, who would fain be a patron of his art, holding close before the closed eyes of the sleeper a gold coin; it will be the first thing before his vision when his eyelids open. Lower down and pressing around his knees are the maidens with vines in their hair and the clustering grapes adorning their shoulders—typical of the temptations of the wine glass, the fascinations and stupefactions of the festal board.

The technique of the picture was pronounced and effective; it challenged the admiration of the competent as a work of art, but the moral import, the spiritual significance, far outran its artistic power. It was a text of the New Testament done in colors by a Russian who, like Tolstoy, Verestchagin and hundreds of others, had grown sick of the statistics of Russian greatness, weary of her armies, ashamed of her tyrannies; a Russian who sought to teach the young men and women of St. Petersburg the power of the ideal, the invincible potency of truth and love.

Here was a picture as true to the life of the business man as to that of the artist; a lesson to the voter as imperative as to the preacher. The dollar is a much overestimated factor in statecraft; we cannot buy at the polls that which is most desirable; we progress only so far as the voter pursues the dream life in the background of the picture and escapes the shams and the frauds of the foreground.

If we are to have a glorious Thanksgiving it will come only by remembering such things as challenging our supreme gratitude. They are not bought with a price, and can be sustained only by the suffrage that tallies with the dreams of the soul.

Let our Thanksgiving be based on the immaterial that alone consecrates the material wealth to the high uses of the soul, the enlargement of the spirit. All other wealth impoverishes, and all the poverties that are in league with the spiritual nature of man enlarge the soul, sweeten the life and sanctify the state.

It is our business to look for the time when there will be none too poor to enjoy the light and heat necessary to a full life, and none so rich but that all his wealth is at the service of the community which helps make, defend and invest that wealth.

Let him who has little rejoice in the bounties of daylight, the wealth of sunlight and of starlight, and the loves that are as free as air; and let him, as he prizes these, work to institutionalize these verities, organize them into the life of the community, institute them in the state. Thus will he indeed establish the city, the highest home on earth for man, the City of God.

The Congress of Religion

Secretary's Report for Fourteenth Year, June 1, 1907, to June 1, 1908.

As will be seen by the following financial report of the treasurer, the secretary voluntarily surrendered his salary on March 1st last. Both because of the difficulty of securing funds and because of the attractive opening in connection with The United Religious Press, whose new building, one block south of the Lincoln Centre, now houses a practical "Congress" enterprise, Mr. Osborne offered his resignation last spring. The executive committee, however, requested him to continue in the way he had voluntarily begun —as secretary, but without salary, until some other arrangement could be made. The new enterprise with which he is now associated, enables the secretary to keep in close touch with Congress interests, as about one hundred and thirty-five religious weeklies and monthlies, representing seven different denominations, are now published by the United Religious Press. This, of itself, is a "Congress" movement of no slight proportions and its success brings strength to our association.

The splendid congresses held at the university centres of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota last year, and the summer gatherings at Lithia Springs, Chautauqua and Tower Hill all demonstrated the efficacy and potency of the Congress doctrine. The only unsolved problem is the financial one. The present secretary is convinced of the high and holy calling for which the Congress stands, and earnestly hopes that some man may be found with the ability to raise his own salary as well as carry this splendid work on to a large and enduring success. Deeply grateful for

many and generous courtesies and contributions from all rational thinking. "As to the personal relation" loyal supporters, I shall continue to rejoice in the Congress movement and will stand ready to do anything in my power to contribute to its larger growth.

C. A. OSBORNE,
Secretary.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION.
(Subscriptions grouped according to the locality of donors rather than date of their subscriptions.)

1907.

June 1—Cash on hand	$140.04
From Chicago, Ill.	
Mrs. A. L. Kelly	5.00
S. W. Lamson	5.00
Miss A. B. Ford	5.00
Miss Mary McArthur	10.00
Rev. A. E. Bartlett	2.50
Rev. L. D. Case	5.00
Isaac Mayer	10.00
Levi Mayer	10.00
Mattie Rosenfels	10.00
Mrs. O. H. Schwab	10.00
Mrs. M. Netcher	10.00
David Warmser	10.00
Sinai Congregation	250.00
All Souls Church	200.00
Miss Phoebe Butler	5.00
Miss Juniata Stafford	5.00
Mrs. Marion Perkins	2.00
H. F. Copè	5.00
Catherine Colvin	25.00
New York City, N. Y.	
Alexander Johnson	2.00
S. B. Chapin	10.00
Rev. R. Heber Newton	25.00
John D. Archbold	100.00
Faith Moore	100.00
Mrs. Emma Cummins	50.00
W. C. Gannett & Friend	10.00
Mrs. Elizabeth Miller	10.00
Kalamazoo, Mich.	
Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane	3.00
Mrs. Kleinstuck	5.00
Omaha, Neb.	
Thomas Kilpatrick	10.00
Rockford, Ill.	
Rev. P. M. Snyder	5.00
Clinton, Wis.	
Rev. Clyde McGee	2.50
Beloit, Wis.	
Chas. Gault	2.00
Peoria, Ill.	
Rev. John Faville	5.00
Dan R. Sheen	5.00
Janesville, Wis.	
James Harris	10.00
Polo, Ill.	
Alvin Joiner	5.00
Los Angeles, Cal.	
Fred. E. Smith	1.00
St. Louis, Mo.	
N. O. Nelson	100.00
Boston, Mass.	
Rev. Wm. Salter	2.00
Ft. Wayne, Ind.	
Rev. H. W. Ettleson	2.50
Loan (C. A. O.)	595.85
Total	$1,785.39

1907-8—14th Year.

EXPENDITURES.

Postage Bills	$ 11.75
Stationery and Printing	7.08
Telephone and telegrams	10.80
R. R. fare, speakers and secretary	67.68
Neostyle	10.00
Paid Unity, subscriptions	5.50
Stenographer, salary	296.00
Salary secretary, account last year	250.00
Salary secretary, June, '07, to February, '08	1,125.00
Cash in bank	1.58
Total	$1,785.39
Due C. A. O. for loan	$595.85

The Dawn of Every Day

With faint, far buglings in the noble east,
I hear the herald of the struggling day,
Calling each man to victor's earnestness,
To bring in truth the dream of yesterday.

—*William Nathan Moore, in The Outlook.*

Jefferson's Ten Rules

Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today.

When angry count 10 before you speak; when very angry, count 100.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils that have never happened have cost us.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

Ten gorgeous little father birds were killed to trim her hat with.

Ten somber little mother birds were left sitting on their nests with nobody to feed them.

And the hat was called the Merry Widow.

—*Life.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Common Sense or Apathy.

Reports from various localities indicate that the general quietness of the recent campaign was characteristic of those who awaited the election returns the night of November 3. There was not the jollification of eight years ago and prior. Repeatedly the picture of the winning candidate was displayed without any response from those watching. The American has the reputation of being very demonstrative in matters of a political nature. It is to be hoped that the apparent lack of enthusiasm, characteristic of the last two national campaigns, like the movement for a sane Fourth of July, indicates that the day of the drum corps and the torchlight procession has given place to more rational and deliberate methods. The continued rule of the party boss, in many quarters, the number of "straight tickets" voted, and the evident indifference of thousands of respectable voters in matters so important as the contest for State's Attorney in Cook County, and the attitude of the members of the next General Assembly of Illinois toward the liquor interests, may possibly indicate that the people are thinking less, not more. Anyway, the American people have yet to learn how to use their ballots in such a way as to get things done.

The President and the Labor Leaders.

One of the unfortunate things connected with positions of public honor is the fact that people are frequently unable to distinguish between a man's public acts and those in which he has merely a personal interest. No one will dispute the fact that the President, like any other citizen, has the right to invite to his table whomsoever he chooses, and only those whom he chooses, but when on the heels of a very bitter, personal campaign, in some respects, the President holds a conference in the interests of Labor, and incidentally overlooks a number of the leaders of the labor movement who happened to oppose his candidate at the recent election, he is, it would seem, guilty of a lack of tact one would hardly expect in one who had held the Presidency as long as Mr. Roosevelt has. Mr. Gompers and others may have been wrong in their efforts to deliver the labor vote to Mr. Bryan, they certainly miscalculated their strength in such an attempt. They are nevertheless the chosen representatives of the American Federation of Labor, and if they have acted unseemly, it remains for their fellow workingmen to punish them, not Mr. Roosevelt. The President is of course too big a man to make a personal matter of such an affair, but he certainly must not understand laboring men, and one could have told him that the others could not accept his invitation under such circumstances.

The Troubles of the German Emperor.

Democracy is deeply rooted in the nature of the German temperament. A people who could produce a Martin Luther may endure with good nature the presumptions of an arrogant monarch, but in the end they do not hesitate to let their impatience be known. The immediate occasion of the criticisms of the Emperor seems to an outsider hardly serious enough to cause the excitement that it evidently has. The real cause would seem to lie deeper. The German likes the game of imperialism, and he is willing for Wilhelm to be "it," but when the Emperor attempts to speak ex cathedra for an entire nation the German forthwith lets him know that after all he was just playing and really didn't mean it.

Roosevelt and the Outlook.

Rumor to the effect that Mr. Roosevelt has been made a member of the editorial staff of *The Outlook* has been officially confirmed by the recent publication by *The Outlook* of Mr.

Roosevelt's future connection with that periodical. Many will be glad of this increase in effectiveness of *The Outlook*. It is a unique position for an ex-president to occupy. *The Outlook* has long been a strong advocate of his policies, and it is expected that his connection with the paper will be a harmonious one, despite the current rumor that it is owned in large part by a person having Standard Oil connections.

The Suffragists.

It is possible that universal suffrage will some day be an accomplished fact in the political life of democratic nations, and there are many good and able people who believe that it is right and proper, and that the suffragist movement for the enfranchisement of women in England is a movement for human liberty. But like many other causes, whose supporters are their own worst enemies, the movement has well-nigh earned the ridicule of the world by the ill-advised manner in which its advocates promote it. The latest development was the riot in the City Temple, the church of R. J. Campbell, of "New Theology" fame. It seems that in the attempt to prevent Secretary Birrell from speaking in a meeting of the Liberation Society, the suffragists forgot all decorum, and a number of women had to be ejected by the police.

The Newspapers and Socialism.

Much of the superstitious fear of words and names is due to the newspapers who play upon popular ignorance for the purpose of making a sensation. A good example of this is the popular manner of handling the subject of Socialism. Every incidental criticism of its weaknesses is greedily seized upon. Every report concerning the subject is distorted. It is quite the popular thing to misrepresent everything that Socialists themselves say or do in informing the people of this movement. Those who depend upon the papers for their information regarding Socialism are sure to form an entirely erroneous notion of it. If Socialism is as dangerous as the papers would lead us to think, it is too serious a matter to trifle with.

Murder Trial and Morbid Curiosity.

The daily reports of the Lamphere trial recall the insane thirst for morbid sensation which characterized the making public of the horrible details of the Gunness affair, which was carried so far as to turn the "murder farm" into a picnic ground thronged with sightseers,—led the press to publish lurid accounts of most revolting nature, forcing upon the attention of the entire public matters of the meanest and lowest concern, and finally to the establishment in Chicago of a picture show giving graphic views of the beastly affair for the edification of the city's youth. Now the papers are beginning to publish in full detail the events of the trial that has grown out of the affair, and we can anticipate some lively entertainment for the coming few weeks. Heaven forbid!

E. D. M.

Chopin

Betwixt the upper mill-stone *Yes* and the nether mill-stone *No*,
Whence cometh *burr* and *burr* and *burr* and much noise of quarrel,
The miller poured the hopper full of corn from the bag,
And in the corn lay one violet,
(Maybe the farmer's little girl dropped it in
When the boy went to the bin to fill the bag).
And *burr*, quoth the upper mill-stone,
And *burr you back again* the nether,
And the violet was ground with the corn,
But passed not into the bag with the meal, thank God!
The odor of crushed violet flew forth and passed about the ages;
And men here and there had a sense
Of somewhat rich and high-intense
Dewy, fiery, dear, forlorn,
Delicate, grave, new out of the morn, but saturate yet
With the night despair that every flower will wet.

—*From Poem Outlines by Sidney Lanier.*

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—If we can rid ourselves of all untruth of word, manner, mode of life and thinking, we shall rid our lives of much rubbish, restlessness and fear.

MON.—Every moment of worry weakens the soul for its daily combat.

TUES.—A congenial environment is not one of the essentials of life: present opportunities, if rightly used, are as great as the soul need ask.

WED.—A great part of the strength of life consists in the degree with which we get into harmony with our appointed environment.

THURS.—It is worth while to be wise in the use of time.

FRI.—It takes a great soul to be a true friend,—a large, catholic, steadfast and loving spirit.

SAT.—Every day of meeting sorrow superbly makes the life more grand.

An American Royal Funeral

The recent death of Prince David, heir presumptive of the old line of Hawaiian kings, and brother of Prince Jonah, the present delegate at Washington, was an event of great interest in Hawaii. The curious and picturesque pageantry of his obsequies appeals alike to the historic and to the esthetic sense of all America.

Never before, surely, was a state funeral accorded by order of the United States to a person of royal blood, resident within the national domain. The occurrence emphasizes vividly the colonial expansion of recent years, with its necessary broadening of national sympathy for alien ways and traditions.

The native Hawaiians, still deeply attached to the ancient dynasty, found great satisfaction in the honor; and the state funeral of an American subject became in all its details the royal funeral of a Hawaiian sovereign.

The body of Prince David lay in state in Honolulu. At midnight, with no lights, the coffin, with all the royal regalia, was borne to the throne room. The approaches to the capital were guarded by militia, and all day long a continuous procession, of all nationalities, poured in at one door and out at another.

The room is beautiful; and it was filled with wondrous *Kahilis*—the "feather trees," permitted only to royalty, graceful, fountain-like masses of feathers, in each *Kahili*, and in all exquisite and vivid tints of tropic plumage; some all scarlet, some white, some lavender, some yellow and some brown.

Over the bier of the dead prince lay a priceless great feather robe, soft and glowing, of yellow touched with scarlet. By his side stood native Hawaiians, in deep black, with shoulder capes of yellow feathers and black and white *Kahilis*; they were as motionless as bronze statues. Beyond them were more guards, then a line of mourning women of royal blood. At the end of the room were flowers, loved of Hawaiians, and arranged with their natural taste and skill.

In the deep recess of a window were grouped the chanters, reciting aloud the deeds of the prince's ancestors and wailing for his death—"a sound," says one who was there, "to make the creeps run down one's spine."

So, in the very dawn of history, did the bards and mourners of Greece, of Egypt, of the shadowy, half-mythic races of early England and Ireland bewail their chieftains and kings. Under the American flag, in our day of democracy, it is strange indeed to hear once more this echo of the old, old wail.—*Youth's Companion.*

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Foreign Notes

A LETTER FROM ITALY.—In a recent issue of *Le Protestant*, a correspondent, Enrico Meynier, gives some interesting details concerning the "modernist" movement in Italy.

Religious questions, he says, which were long systematically ignored, now have the place of honor, not only in the great reviews, such as the *Rassegna Nazionale*, the *Nuova Antologia*, the *Revista d'Italia*, etc., but also in the political journals, which no longer disdain to discuss them, sometimes even with astonishing independence of current Catholic opinion. This happy state of things, for those interested in religious questions, is due in large part to the impulse given by Catholic modernists, who do not hesitate to incite combat with the Vatican itself. Their organ, *Nova et Vetera*, has splendidly played its part as destroyer of the clerical spirit in all domains. Unfortunately, the modernists lack constancy, persistency, in their undertakings. This is shown anew in the prospective discontinuance of *Nova et Vetera*.

What is the cause of this practical defeat? *Momento*, a Catholic paper of Turin, attributes it to the fact that several of the editors of this publication, who are at present members of the clergy, have decided to abandon the struggle in obedience to categoric orders from the ecclesiastical authority. This shows that these priests have not the boldness of reformers.

On the other hand, there are several of these priests in Italy who have for some time been undecided as to what their attitude should be toward the Vatican. There, for instance, is the case of Professor Minocchi, who was suspended *a divinis* for having declared in a lecture that the Genesis account of the earthly paradise was not in the least historical, but purely symbolical. This ought to be clear at the present day, even to the Catholic church. The Vatican continues to look for a retraction, but Professor Minocchi is not of that mind. If it were right for me to speak at all, he said recently to the newspapers, I should affirm that the Church has taught me nothing concerning the historical value of Genesis. My views have not only been proved to-day in the most conclusive manner, they are accepted by a large number of Catholic scholars, who only refrain from avowing them through fear of authority. And to-morrow the Church in its turn will be obliged to accept them. Professor Minocchi is, however, too optimistic. It is not possible for the Church to admit that she was in the wrong in this affair, all the more as Professor Minocchi, in another publication on Genesis, has pointed out that the biblical narratives regarding the patriarchs, the deluge, and the Tower of Babel have no historical but merely a symbolical value from a religious standpoint. Truly, all this is not a small matter for a Catholic priest!

Another priest who finds himself in a similar position is Don Murri. He belongs rather to the social and political modernist current than to the religious and theological, and he, too, has been censured by the Pope. As Don Murri has not yet decided to admit his error, it is announced that he will be excommunicated, not for heresy, but for disobedience. This seems hardly possible. Don Murri is extremely popular in certain Catholic circles, and his excommunication would make too bad an impression on the public. Furthermore, Don Murri is practically orthodox in all that concerns the dogmas of the Church. He does not approve of the present policy of Pius X. That is the ground of the suspension *a divinis* inflicted upon the fiery ex-leader of Christian Democracy.

A new sensation, also emanating from the Vatican, is this: the eloquent Father Semeria has just been silenced. At the present moment, no one knows the reason for this measure, but those are probably not far wrong who surmise that Father Semeria is accused of sympathy with modernism, and even with Protestanism, though in the past the latter found in this distinguished orator a formidable adversary. We shall see ere long how much truth there is in all this.

Unquestionably the moment is a favorable one for the revival in Italy of a religious feeling manifesting itself in a way more conformable to the spirit of the Gospel. The modernists are certainly one of the instruments of this awakening, which may have such blessed results for the triumph of truth. This very fact is enough to keep the Vatican from disarming in the face of the movement. In a violent speech addressed to the Milan pilgrims, on the 16th of October, Pius X characterized the modernists as "*lupi rapaces*" who, under the pretext of benefiting the Church, were disseminating the most deadly doctrines. So the war goes on upon both sides. who will be the victor? M. E. H.

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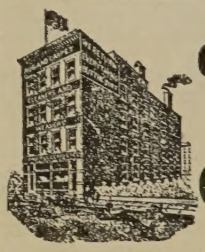

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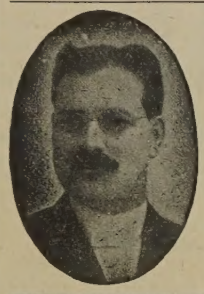

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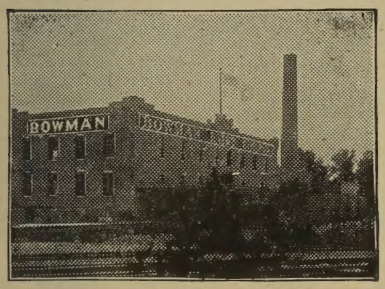

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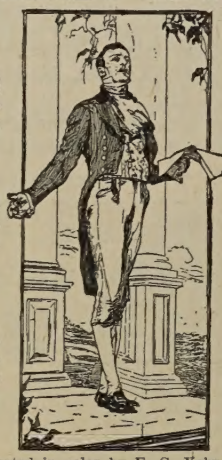

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